

luxuriant foliage to the water's edge.* As we advance, the bold mountain ridge of *Crich Hill* appears on the right, with the village of Holloway at a considerable elevation, and Lea Mills near the base of the range; while on the left are the hills, and overhanging woods of Alderwasley. Ascending to the Inn at Cromford, the road turns suddenly to the right, and by an opening cut through a mass of strata twenty feet thick, called *Scarthing Rock*, conducts to the southern entrance of Matlock Dale. On passing this chasm, the glorious features of this enchanting region burst on the view. On the east is a range of limestone cliffs, richly wooded, with Willersly Castle, the seat of the Arkwrights, embosomed in trees on a commanding eminence; and on the west, a rocky precipice, crested with forests, and its sides partially covered with copses and brushwood; while the river, dashing through the ravine on the right, completes the magic of the picture—

“So wond’rous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.”

LADY OF THE LAKE.

At the distance of about half a mile, we pass the toll-gate, and a bold mural precipice of mountain limestone suddenly appears on the eastern bank of the river; while on the western, a steep

* The pedestrian should alight at the little Inn at Whatstandwell; and walk on to Matlock the following morning.